Nurſe. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,
God ſave the marke, here on his manly breſt,
A piteous coarſe, a bloody piteous coarſe,
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedeaw'd in blood,
All in gore blood: I ſwouned at the ſight.
Jul. O breake my heart, poore bankrupt breake at once,
To priſon eyes, ne're looke on liberty,
Vile earth to earth reſigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſſe one heavie beere.
Nurſe. O *Tibalt*, *Tibalt*, the beſt friend I had,
O courteous *Tibalt*, honeſt Gentleman,
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee dead.
Jul. What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrary?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughtred? and is *Tibalt* dead?
My deareſt couſin, and my dearer Lord:
Then dreadfull trumpet ſound the generall doome,
For who is living if thoſe two are gone?
Nurſe. *Tibalt* is gone, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that kild him, he is baniſhed.
Jul. O God did *Romeo's* hand ſhed *Tibalts* blood?
Nurſe. It did, it did, alas the day it did.
Jul. O ſerpent heart hid with a flowring face!
Did ever dragon keepe ſo faire a cave?
Beautifull tyrant, fiend angelicall,
Ravenous dove, feathred raven, wolviſh-ravening lamb,
Deſpiſed ſubſtance of divineſt ſhew,
Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeemeſt,
A damned Saint, an honourable villaine.
O nature, what hadſt thou to doe in hell,
When thou didſt poure the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortall paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was ever booke containing ſo vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous palace!
Nur. There's no truſt, no faith, no honeſty in men,
All perjur'd, all forſworne, all naught, all diſſemblers:
Ah, where's my man? give me ſome *Aqua vitæ*.

Theſe

Theſe griefes, theſe w
Shame come to *Rom*
Jul. Bliſtered be t
For ſuch a wiſh: he
Upon his brow ſham
For 'tis a throne whe
Sole Monarch of the
O what a beaſt was
Nur. Will you ſp
Jul. Shall I ſpeak
Ah poore my Lord!
When I thy three ho
But wherefore villai
That villaine couſin
Backe fooliſh teares,
Your tributary drop
Which you miſtakin
My husband lives th
And *Tibalt's* dead t
All this is comfort: w
Some words there w
That murdred me:
But oh, it preſſes to
Like damned guilty
Tibalt is dead, and
That baniſhed, that
Hath ſlaine ten thou
Was woe enough, i
Or if ſowre woe deli
And needly will be
Why follow'd not, w
Thy father, or thy m
Which moderne lan
But with a rereward
Romeo is baniſhed:
Is father, mother, *T*
All ſlaine, all dead,